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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from our Last.)

THE debut of the famous Italian *cantatrice*, Mad. Barbieri Nini, whose name was one of the great attractions of the prospectus, took place after long and anxious anticipation, Tuesday, the 5th of August. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mad. Barbieri Nini was of course the heroine, and the great Alboni, to strengthen the cast, condescended (we say *condescended*, since Alboni has for some time abandoned the exclusively *contralto* range of characters), to resume her old and favourite part of Maffeo Orsini, and sing the "In segreto" in her own incomparable manner. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the fact of Mad. Barbieri Nini's appearance, to recapitulate our opinions of her talent, or to refer at any length to the impression she produced upon the public. These matters must be fresh in the memory of our readers. Suffice it that Mad. Barbieri Nini's success was complete and legitimate. The audience, one of the most crowded of the season, received her with enthusiasm. The opinions of the press were at strange variance with each other. Some would have it that Mad. Barbieri was another Pasta; others went further still; while the rest found much to criticise, as well as much to praise in her talent. We were among the latter, and a more intimate acquaintance, derived from repeated hearings, has only tended to confirm our first conclusion. Mad. Barbieri Nini is undoubtedly a great vocalist of the purely declamatory school. You hear every syllable she utters with extreme distinctness; but you hear too much, since the habit of declaiming everything à l'outrance often leads Mad. Barbieri to make mountains out of mole-hills; or, in other words, to give undue importance to insignificant passages, which is obtrusive, and derogates from the effect of passages really and properly emphatic, when they arrive. In the *adagio* Mad. Barbieri often phrases magnificently, and in the *allegro*, especially in the *traits de bravoure*, her execution is surprisingly forcible, and invariably pure; but in the first she frequently produces a monotonous effect by a species of measurement, whereby every bar, and section of a bar, has such exact relative proportions, that the balance is unchangingly even, and no part outweighs another, whereby one grand secret of vocal expression is altogether ignored; while in the latter, such quality as remains in a voice originally strong and full, but sadly worn by years and Verdi, evaporates

in the point and rapidity of her articulation. Examples of their beauties and their defects may always be traced in her performance of the "M'odi, in'odi," and the interpolated final bravura in her *Lucrezia Borgia*. To resume, however, and to conclude, Mad. Barbieri Nini is a vocalist of distinguished attainments, who, in spite of her defects, offers very many points of mechanism and expression, which young and ambitious singers would do well to study, and profit by. As an actress Mad. Barbieri Nini is at the most intelligent, correct, and full of a sort of artificial energy; but she is exaggerated, bombastic even at times, and her gestures, frequently reminding us of the gymnastics of natation, set grace, taste, and natural ease at defiance. For much of this, a face, and person by no means favourable for stage illusion, must be called to account; and on these grounds we are disposed to be the more charitable in criticising Mad. Barbieri Nini's dramatic, or rather, melo-dramatic capabilities.

The next event of consequence was Alboni's first appearance as Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, a part to which she owed much of her success during her recent engagement at Madrid. Alboni's Vivandiere differs entirely from the view of that personage adopted by Jenny Lind and Madame Sontag. She was more lively and full of a kind of buxom *bonhomie* than the first, and less boisterous and teragantish than the last. What Jenny Lind underdid, Sontag overdid, while Alboni steered the middle course—"In medio tutissimū ibis." On the whole we confess to have a preference for Jenny Lind's Maria over that of Madame Sontag, as possessing more charm while betraying less effort. Both, however, for such as they were, must be lauded as very equal performances, a distinction which cannot be awarded to the Vivandiere of Alboni. Nevertheless, we greatly prefer Alboni's first act to that of either of her rivals. Her singing of the popular "Ciascun lo dice" was admirable, while her beating of the drum was unique and irresistible, not more Vivandierish than Alboniish—Marrish. She first obtained an encore in London for this lively melody. In the tender passages she was exquisite, and her singing of the beautiful minor cantabile, where Maria takes leave of the regiment, was divine, at least equal to Jenny Lind, and, be it understood, this was one of Jenny Lind's best points. In the lesson scene Alboni did not make the effect anticipated and achieved by both her predecessors, which may be laid to the account of the *cadenza*. With Alboni's voice and means something quite *hors ligne* and original was naturally expected; instead of which she sang precisely the same *cadenza* as Jenny Lind and Sontag, which being wholly

unsuited to her caused the whole to fall flatly. In the last scene, however, Alboni entirely redeemed her laurels. Alboni was again Alboni, and her vocalization in Balfe's brilliant and popular rondo finale to the *Maid of Artois* was an effort neither more nor less than Malibranesque—we can find no other term to express what we mean, or to account for the surprise and delight it created. This brought the curtain down amid thunders of applause, and made Alboni's one hundred triumphs one hundred and one. Of Gardoni's Tonio, and Frederick Lablache's Sulpizio, we need say no more than they were worthy of themselves, and fit subordinate figures in the *tableau* of which Alboni was the sun.

Sontag having unexpectedly retired from the theatre, at the next performance of *Don Giovanni* Alboni was her substitute in the part of Zerlina. Of this it is enough to reiterate what we have said more than once, that Mozart's adorable peasant maiden never before had such an adorable representative; and that the heavenly melodies which Mozart has made flow from the lips of Zerlina, like fresh water mixed with joannisberg (real), from a celestial fountain (the sherbet of the orientals, the nectar of the Greeks was nothing to it, with Houris, Hebes, and Ganymedes to boot), were never warbled with such luscious sweetness, were never uttered with such sacred veneration for the text of the mighty genius, who scattered his inspirations to the winds like leaves from a boundless forest when the autumn breeze blows freshly from the West. In short, Alboni's Zerlina, in its way, is matchless—and note, that she sings the airs in the proper keys, for which, by the by, we are ourselves in some sort accountable, and of which Lablache approved with big benevolence and gigantic glee, shaking his venerated sides with sleekness of satisfaction and fulness of faith in Mozart and the charming priestess, who, with sunny smile and velvet voice, chanted canticles in honour of the immortal, though departed composer, and with arms fair, fat, and rosy-fingered, swang incense before the altar as she sang.

And now we come to Balfe's benefit, memorable for three reasons; memorable as Balfe's benefit, the first he ever took at Her Majesty's Theatre; memorable for the first presentation of Balfe's opera, *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, in an Italian guise on the Italian stage, and under the Italian title of *I Quattro Fratelli*; and memorable for the first appearance of Sophie Cruvelli in an original comic part. It were bootless to re-enter, having once entered, into the plot of this opera, which is equally comic and *intrigué*, ingenious, original, and interesting, of M. M. Leuven and Brunswick; or to apostrophise the music of Balfe, having already apostrophised it as among the most sparkling, tuneful, racy and animated of that most sparkling, tuneful, racy and animated composer; or to re-chronicle its reception by the audience, having already chronicled it as a triumphant success. Nor is it necessary to repeat what we have previously said in homage to the merit of Massol's stolid, carved, oakish, ancestral and burly conception of the part of the Baron Beaumanoir (Baron Finehouse);

nor to record more than we have elsewhere recorded of the merits of Madame Giuliani, Madlle. Feller, Miss Lanza, Coletti, Gardoni, Pardini, Balanchi, &c., in their respective "rôles;" nor to lavish praises, hitherto lavished, on the orchestra, chorus and subordinates, for their conjunct zeal in behalf of the opera of their trusty and well-beloved director; nor to repeat what we have spoken of the several times that Balfe, Michael Balfe, Michael William Balfe, was called by the audience and applauded to the echo—all this will be needless and superfluous; but we must pause awhile to recollect and re-record our impressions of the performance of Sophie Cruvelli, who had studied and learnt the part in ten days. The brilliant Erminia was never so brilliant before; the dashing Erminia never so dashing; the beautiful Erminia never so beautiful. Balfe's conception was idealised by Sophie Cruvelli, who, in this part alone, hastily acquired, improvised, so to speak, raised herself to the position, in the estimate of connoisseurs, of a first-rate comedian, genial, humorous, and irresistible. In short, we thought, and we may have said (we have not time to look back—the "devil" a its for copy) at the time, and we think and are about to say at present, that if Cruvelli's Norma is a fine piece of tragedy, Cruvelli's Fidelio is a fine piece of melodrama, Cruvelli's Erminia is the finest piece of comedy. Of Cruvelli's singing we need say no more than that it was worthy of Cruvelli. We must add, however, that Balfe had written two bravura airs for his new and charming Erminia, bristling with vocal difficulties, and making nothing of a compass of three octaves. With these Cruvelli played as a child with the toy just presented to it by its mamma, especially with the last, "Or chi verra," which created a furor, and was encored with acclamations. Bref, Sophie Cruvelli accomplished a new triumph, and shared it with Balfe. At the end of a long article we remember to have said ourselves, "after which it was unnecessary to say more than that next to Fidelio and Norma, Erminia was the greatest and most legitimate triumph of Sophie Cruvelli." *Sonnambula* was to come.

A word may chronicle the revival of the last scene of the *Due Foscari*, remarkable for the impressive performance of Coletti.

After some weeks' absence, Sontag came back; and on Saturday, the 16th of August, once more appeared as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and sang "Rhode's air" to admiration; and on the following Wednesday, as Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*, when, as if to crown her triumph in Erminia with fresh bays, Sophie Cruvelli played Cherubino, sang: "Voi che sapete" without changing a note, or interpolating an ornament—sang it divinely, was encored, sang it again without changing a note or interpolating an ornament—again divinely. The lips of censure were sealed. His tongue wagged no more. There was nothing for him to say. Sophie Cruvelli had conquered—herself and censure.

About this time, on a Tuesday, *Florinda* was repeated unexpectedly. We did not expect it, and dined at Rich-

mond on some trout obtained hard by from a fish-keeper, and arrived during the performance of the last act, just in time to hear Cruvelli sing C at the full force of her *poumons*, and to see Sims Reeves expire languishingly on a couch pight wingwards.

On the Friday of the same week a more welcome performance in Beethoven's *Fidelio* brought back once more Cruvelli's transcendent Leonora to the willing eyes and willing ears—to the eager eyes and eager ears—to the ravished eyes and ravished ears of a crowded audience, which preferred *Fidelio* to *Florinda*—brandy to water. This was announced as the last representation of *Fidelio*, which has since been repeated some third of a score of times. (Mr. Lumley, we regret to avow it, has emulated Mr. Gye by presenting *Fidelio* in a mutilated form, combined with other loppings from meaner trunks, to draw the money from the waistcoat pockets of provincial Yankee, and multi-bearded continentals.)

About this time happened the Musical Festival at Worcester, and the star of the opera during the period of a week illumined the distant hills of Malvern. Sophie Cruvelli absent, it was darkness. The dim light of the ex-queen, Anna Bolena, subsequently unheaded by her furious mate, shone but as a rushlight that does duty for the moon, when stupid clouds persist to hide that lovely luminary behind their impenetrable coat of blackness, the skirts whereof are silvered by

"That orb'd maiden

With white fire laden."

who thus repays envy by benevolence; and as a tail to the simile and a translation of the figure into prose, the name of Cruvelli announced at the foot of the bills to play Norma on the Saturday was the one twinkling point that shed a faint blush of light over the tenebrous heavens. Nathless, the Anna Bolena of Madame Barbieri Nini on Tuesday, August the 26th, being the second part in which the great declamatory vocalist had appeared in London, left an impression which must not stand unrecorded. We therefore record it. The Anna Bolena of Madame Barbieri Nini left this impression—that possessed she (Madame Barbieri Nini) the *ars celare artem* (D. R. ante No. 35 *Musical World*) she would know to conceal her art, and leave nature the freer to cut its own caper, turn its own somersault, and poise its own toe. This was the impression left by Madame Barbieri Nini's impersonation of Anna Bolena, the ex-queen subsequently unheaded by her furious mate. Lablache, as Henry the Eighth, to employ the quaint simile of the *Times*, looked "like a page torn from the history of England,"—Albert Smith would have added (as D. R. added) "folio edition." As for Madame Giuliani, Calzolari, and Ida Bertrand, they played Catherine Seymour, Percy, and Smeaton.

But where was Cerrito—the bounding Cerrito—the "*brillante et bouillante*" (as Jules Lecomte said of Cruvelli, in the *Independence Belge*). Fanny—Fanny Cerrito? Where was

Fanny Cerrito? Did she not "*se lancer*" on the stage, like a *mcenad*, with uplifted front and vein-swollen neck—

"Shaking wide her yellow hair?"—

Did she not stream from the side wings to the foot-lights, like a comet, rushing to her public, the sun of her adoring, to be unknown, unrecognised? (the palms and the eyes of the audience had been beaten, shut per force of applauding and gazing at the zinc-footed Amalia—Amalia Ferraris)—did not Fanny this, and more than this?—take an *eclatante* revenge?—did she not, after her first *pas*, when her feet, endowed with unseen wings, laughed at the ground ("Thou Scornor of the ground"—*Shelley*), did she not force their obstinate hands, maugre resisting elbows, to loud and long-continued clappings, and moisten their dried eyelids to pleasurable perspiration, till fountains of delight, half laughter, half tears, dropped from the eyes?—did she not triumph, as Cerrito has triumphed a thousand times before?—as Fanny has triumphed, the only possible substitute for "Carlotta; the unapproachable," who, though not Carlotta, the nearest to Carlotta, while a long way off? She did. Cerrito danced for the first time on Saturday, the 23rd of August, after the opera of the *Figlia del Reggimento* (in which Madame Sontag was once more the Maria), Cerrito danced, and outdid her own shadow on the ice.

Meanwhile Sophie Cruvelli, heavily laden with the bays she won at Worcester, came back train-haste, and once more walked the stage as Norma, the sublime druidess (in one act), bringing the week to a climax gloriously.

We should have mentioned that the 26th of August, when *Anna Bolena* was produced, closed the subscription; and that the performances with "play-house prices," at first announced "for a few nights only," but since indefinitely extended, began on the Wednesday, with a miscellaneous selection. As these performances had no connection with the regular season, it is unnecessary for us to include any account of them in our present notice. Suffice it the principal artists left, one by one until, at last, the weight of the opera rested entirely upon the shoulders of Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli, who luckily for the theatre, was well able to bear the burden of responsibility. Any singer with less magnificent physical gifts, less stamina, and less indomitable energy, would have sunk under the infliction of such hard and continuous labour; but Sophie, backed by youth, ambition, and enthusiasm, has womanfully resisted all temptation to succumb. Loved by the public, applauded equally by those who knew her talent, and by strangers, from all parts of the world, who only made her acquaintance at the "play-house prices," Mr. Lumley's latest and most favoured *prima donna* has gone through her arduous duties with unswerving courage, playing one night Norma, the next *Fidelio*, the next Rosina, the next Amina, and sometimes even in two operas on the same evening, without flinching or protest. Never once has she been absent from her post, never once has she relaxed her zeal in service of the management. Nor has Sophie Cruvelli been unrewarded. The features of the after-season have been her Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, which revived

one of her old successes of 1848, and her Amina in the *Son-nambula*, in which she has "snuffed out" all her predecessors since Malibran,—we make no exceptions. The director of Her Majesty's Theatre has every reason to be satisfied in the possession of such an artist, and the subscribers and the public have no less reason to be satisfied with the director, who, besides keeping most of the promises of a rich and varied prospectus, presented them with something unannounced and unanticipated in the person of SOPHIE CRUVELLI, a *genius* in the fullest acceptation of the term, the youngest and most promising dramatic singer of the times, and who, if we be not greatly in error, will prove to be the brightest jewel in Mr. Lumley's managerial diadem. We have yet some further observations to make on opera, ballet, orchestra, chorus, Mr. Balfe, and the general policy of the season, which however, we must defer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GYMNASTICS FOR VOCALISTS.*

Our reason for noticing this able and original treatise from the pen of a very eminent medical philosopher, mentioned in our foot note, will be presently apparent to the most unapprehensive of our readers. A point of vast importance is too often overlooked, by those who practice and those who profess to teach the art vocal; and, though it be not the province of a musical journal to touch upon maladies of the skin, affections of the joints, or vexings of any particular member or members of the frame human, whatever bears directly or indirectly upon that magnificent and various, though ill-used and worse understood instrument, the voice, comes within the limits of our special jurisprudence. Thus much for explanation or apology for the discussion of a book medical in our reviewing columns.

The point of vast importance to which we have alluded in preamble is the influence of exercise upon the quality, strength, usability, and durability of the vocal organ. Exercise means movement, since it is plain to the meanest intelligence, that without motion, active or passive (*non lege* emotion) there can be no exercise. You may take lignum aloes in gross shavings, steep them in sack or alacant, changed twice half an hour at a time till the bitterness exude; you may take the shavings forth, dry them in the shade, and beat them to an exquisite powder; of that powder wetted with the syrup of citrons you may make an excellent pill, which you may take before supper. If, previous to the use of this prescription, your voice has been in healthy order, it is possible that after the use of it, it may be deranged. But if, previous to the use of this prescription, your voice have been in an unhealthy order, it is possible, nay, probable, that after the use of it, the symptoms may be aggravated. The query may therefore be instituted, why the prescription? to which echo may respond without offence to logic, "why, O wherefore!" supposing echo to dwell among the hills and passes of Killarney. For our own parts we have heard of many nostrums for the voice issued by many mediciners and quacks to whom we would apply the reproach of Paracelsus, who was not a quack, but an empiric, to the real

quacks—"Ite maledicti in Gehennam," &c. &c. &c. (*Labyrinthus Medicorum*, cap. 9, p. 287.) Bref, to parody the lines of Leigh Hunt, an empiric in another field of human inquiry,

"Away with all nostrums wherever we come,

We forbid them, ye gentlemen, all in sum!"

in some quatrains anent water, which John Barnett set to music with a great deal of spirit (no pun). We except, however, from our expurgatory index, STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE, which is less a nostrum than a panacea, to the virtues whereof most of the celebrated singers of the age have borne willing testimony, having derived in *propria persona* from those popular pills, or rather, to speak by the card, those luscious lozenges, great and enduring vantage.

Nevertheless, exercise is the thing, and exercise is movement, and movement should be various, so as to affect every member, inner and outer, of the human trunk, which the learned and judicious Doctor Roth has set forth lucidly, expounded eloquently, and proved incontestably in the present *libellus*, the contents whereof we have perused straight on, from the preface to the end, with unfeigned pleasure and inward exaltation. For have we not all voices; and who knows if, by the gesticulatory gymnastics, polyhedric postures, and multifarious movements recommended by Doctor Roth, and included in his system of training, one of our sons may not turn out a robust tenor, one of our daughters a first lady. The sole object of Doctor Roth in compiling the pages which lie stretched before us, was to regulate the physical, and control the mental condition of the human microcosm; and in our humble, though avowedly indoct opinion, he has accomplished his purpose in a clear and masterly manner. Dr. Roth has laid open the ground wherein the over-sensitive, and often over-wrought and terribly fagged spirit of the musical composer may walk leisurely, run lightly, and breathe freely, in the form of a series of regular exercises, which, by augmenting the elasticity of the frame corporal, does away with the injurious effects of sedentary habits, and lifts the mind upon a jocund poise of tip-toe. Dr. Roth has also shown in simple and unaffected language, that the vocal student—nature and organization being favourable—may arrive with certainty at the possession of a strong and healthy voice; and that one not liberally gifted from his birth may so improve the physical gifts with which he may be endowed, as to attain at least as much again as by any other means. Dr. Roth professes not to teach *sol-fa*; but this is his profession of faith—a moving profession:—

"The law of movement is founded upon nature; no chemical action can be effected in the organism, without the participation or assistance of the mechanical acts, which are expressed by involuntary movements. As, for instance, oxydation of the blood (a chemical action) cannot take place without the motion of the respiratory muscles, which is a mechanical one; digestion, assimilation, &c. (chemical acts), cannot be performed without mechanical movements of the stomach, intestines, and some other muscular organs. The blood cannot be thrown to every part of the organism, here to be oxydated, there to nourish, or perform other chemical functions, without the contracting and dilating movements of the heart. In fact, throughout the entire organism movement is engendered by movement."

It is not, however, our intention to discuss with Dr. Roth the medical treatment of diseases, but merely to explain to all interested in the development of the human voice, how much may be learned from the result of the learned gentleman's experience, set forth in the treatise before us, and made the bases of his system of exercises. Movements that act upon the thorax, chest, and abdomen, are those more immediately

* The prevention and cure of many chronic Diseases by Movements. An Exposition of the Principles and Practice by these Movements for the Correction of the Tendencies of Disease in Infancy, Childhood, and Youth, and for the cure of many Morbid Affections of Adults.—By M. ROTH, M.D. JOHN CHURCHILL, PRINCES STREET.

connected with the matter in hand; and how these have been neglected and overlooked, not only by vocal professors but by vocal philosophizers, we need scarcely stop to urge. The maladies arising from this neglect, and all of which Dr. Roth proposes to avert, or remedy, or modify, or radically cure, are *chronic inflammation of the larynx and windpipe; irregular action of the vocal chords; relaxation of the uvula, &c.* How important any method to frustrate or wholly get rid of these plagues to the poor singer's existence! That this may be effected, easily and speedily, by rich and poor, illustrious and humble, without danger and with small pains, Dr. Roth has clearly proved upon principles of anatomy and pathology too well established to admit of controversion. To the vocal student, anxious for improvement, and sufficiently wise to follow the road laid down by science for his progress, instead of throwing himself at the mercy of the blind pilot, Chance, or giving himself up to the crooked guidance of the one-eyed steersman, Sloth, Dr. Roth's treatise is invaluable. The ardent composer, who passes nights of sleepless inspiration, days of laborious travail, straining the functions of the body, and concentrating the attention of the mind to a single point, continual exercising one solitary and heavily taxed organ—THE BRAIN—will derive equal advantage from its careful perusal and consideration, provided he be induced to act at once upon the suggestions it contains. If the functions of the body and spirit be not in harmony, the general health must suffer, and disease, at first fitful, then obstinate, and finally chronic, supervene. If the whole nervous energy be directed to one object—or rather one particular part of the nervous organism be continually exerted, undue irritation must accrue, and apathetic immobility allow the seeds of malady to be sown in the other parts of the organism not specially excited. To conclude—the movements proposed by Dr. Roth (for which we strongly recommend the reader to consult his book) will be found admirable substitutes for the more expensive exercises of dancing, fencing, swimming, horse-riding, driving, carriageing, &c., &c., &c. Dr. Roth has already begun to put his system into active illustration, and is rapidly making converts, and relieving the afflicted.—*Verbum Sat.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE longest and most prosperous season since the first institution of the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall came to a conclusion on Friday the 26th ult., with a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah*. The principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, Misses Eliza Birch, Dolby, and Williams; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Whitehouse, and Herr Formes. The hall was crammed to suffocation, and after the oratorio, three cheers were raised for Mr. Costa, who retired from the orchestra amid enthusiastic plaudits.

The season has comprised 36 performances—11 on subscription nights. The opening after the recess, when the alterations in the hall, which met with such unanimous approval were effected, took place on Friday, November 29, 1850. Handel's *Messiah* was executed, and subsequently repeated twice in succession. *Elijah* came next (December 23), and was also given three times. The first performance of this great oratorio was criticised as inefficient; but, on the two following occasions, the society redeemed its laurels, and rendered justice to the memory of Mendelssohn. Handel's choral masterpiece, *Israel in Egypt*, was produced on January 30, 1851, and performed twice. The improvements in the hall were triumphantly demonstrated in the double choruses of

this majestic composition, which had never before been heard to such advantage at Exeter-hall, or, perhaps, anywhere else. *Saul* was given February 26, but not repeated. The success attending the revival of *Samson*, which, although brought forward six times since the foundation of the society, had never been popular, must be traced to the influence of Mr. Costa, not merely as a conductor, but as a musician. The accompaniments which that gentleman added to the score were judicious and effective—neither too full nor too thin, and never interfering with the original ideas of the composer. *Samson* was first performed March 11, and repeated twice. From this period up to the present time, the performances (31 in all), have alternated chiefly between the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, varied by the *Creation* (four times) and *St. Paul* (once).

The principal singers during the season have been Madame Clara Novello, Madame Macfarren, Misses Catharine Hayes, Birch, Dolby, Williams, Louisa Pyne, Eliza Birch, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Whitworth, Stockhausen, Whitehouse, and Herr Formes. The rapid improvement of the German *basso* has been the theme of constant observation, and has acted most beneficially upon the general effect of the oratorios. The return of Madame Clara Novello brought another accomplished singer of sacred music into the market. The liberties which this lady took with the text of Handel and Haydn were severely commented upon by the press, but her chaste and correct performances in *Elijah* and *St. Paul* were universally extolled. Madame Novello, it is hoped, will take counsel, and reflect that what is admissible in Italian opera may be nothing less than impertinent in music which attempts to illustrate the divine admonitions of scripture. Miss Louisa Pyne's first and only appearance (in the *Messiah*) was very successful; and Miss Catharine Hayes, in *Elijah*, justified her fame as one of the first concert singers of the day. Madame Macfarren, who supplied the places of Miss Dolby and Miss Williams, during their absence at the Worcester festival, made a highly favourable impression, in the *contralto* songs of the *Messiah* and the recitatives of Jesebel, in *Elijah*. Of the other singers it is only necessary to say that they have maintained their reputations, a word of acknowledgment, however, being due to the steady improvement of Miss Eliza Birch.

Of the various oratorios the most attractive have been the *Messiah* and *Elijah*. The latter great work was first executed in its present perfected state, with the alterations of the composer, at Exeter-hall, April 16, (1847), under the direction of Mendelssohn himself. It has now been played 26 times, and its popularity has gradually increased up to the present moment, when it actually divides the palm of supremacy with the *Messiah*. It may not be irrelevant to refer to the accounts in *The Musical World* of the first performance of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival of 1846 (for which event it was expressly composed), when the elevated place that oratorio now holds in the esteem of the musical world was confidently predicted. The most attractive work, after the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, has been the *Creation* of Haydn—an oratorio of lighter character, appealing to a numerous, though, perhaps, less cultivated class. We shall be disappointed, however, if before long *Israel in Egypt* and *St. Paul* do not step in advance of the *Creation*, and occupy the place in public esteem nearest to the *Messiah* and *Elijah*. That hitherto *Israel in Egypt* and *St. Paul* have not been entirely appreciated, must be laid to the fact that they are compositions of a more abstruse and complex nature, with which the uneducated ear less readily becomes familiar. Their time, however, is at hand; the more music progresses, the

better they will be understood. Of course a great part of the success of the present exceptional season has been due to the influx of foreigners and strangers to London during the progress of the Great Exhibition. Of this the committee wisely took advantage early in April, by distributing prospectuses in various languages, not only throughout London and the provinces, but in many of the principal cities of the continent. Vast numbers of foreigners have swelled the audiences of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose testimony to the merits of the institution has been warm and general, their surprise at the magnitude and excellence of the performances being not a little heightened on learning that the society was composed of amateurs, with whom a love of art was the sole inducement to meet and co-operate in the execution of music of the most serious and exalted character. As the concerts during the last two months have been almost exclusively undertaken with a view to the accommodation of strangers, the adherence principally to the three most popular oratorios (the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Creation*), as best adapted to afford an idea of the means of execution possessed by the society, is explained and excused. Their continuance up to the present time is a guarantee of their success; and it is calculated that the receipts will nearly double the property which it has taken the Sacred Harmonic Society fifteen years to accumulate, and as a natural consequence, help to strengthen its influence and firmly establish its position.

The Sacred Harmonic Society held its first concert in the large room of Exeter-hall, June 28, 1836, when the *Messiah* was the oratorio. Up to the present time 258 concerts have been given, which have been attended by nearly 490,000 persons, while vocal and instrumental artistes have been paid out of the funds no less than £35,000. The chief portion of the expenses (8-11ths it is stated) is incurred by professional engagements; printing, advertising, rent, and all subordinate items being provided for by the rest. The last subscription was larger than on any previous occasion, and we believe that of the present year already promises to be better still. Now that the Sacred Harmonic Society has attained to such influence and prosperity, it behoves all connected with the direction of its affairs to use increased energy. It is no longer a close borough, but an institution depending on the public for support, and therefore open to the strictures of the press, which represents and defends the interests of the public, in its amusements no less than in its political and constitutional rights. The election of the committee is a point of the utmost importance, and the members must see clearly the necessity on all occasions of only choosing those who are capable and anxious to work in the machinery of legislation. Hitherto the officers, holding honorary appointments, who have superintended the business departments of the society, have, in most instances, deserved praise for industry, economy, and general good management; but there have, nevertheless, been cases which have given the members just cause of complaint. The motto of the society should be "Go ahead," and the practicability of its active illustration depends mainly on the executive committee. The society, for its own pleasure and amusement, has done much; but having become an object of public attention, it is now its duty to effect more. It will be advisable next season to introduce some works hitherto unattempted. The list is ample, if the committee, with Mr. Costa's assistance, will please to refer to it. There are the *Seasons* of Haydn, according to German critics a greater work than the *Creation*—the *Requiem* of Mozart—the second Mass of Beethoven—the *Passions* of Bach—some of the great Psalms of Mendelssohn—besides *Belshazzar*, *Deborah*, and other oratorios of Handel, rarely performed, and *Calvary*, the reputed

masterpiece of Spohr, of which the Norwich amateurs are so proud and the London amateurs so ignorant. To this catalogue might reasonably be added *David* (Mr. Horsley's, not the Chevalier Neukomm's), an oratorio upon which a careful execution would not be lost, since it has already succeeded, no thanks to the society, and would succeed still better with the society's assistance. *David* found hearers and warm appreciators in Liverpool, when produced by the spirited Philharmonic Society of that town, in their new and magnificent concert hall; and if at Liverpool why not in London, where the lovers of music are tenfold? The engagement of Mr. Costa was an important step, the wisdom of which has been established by the experience of three years. That gentleman has improved the orchestra, and has done all in his power to improve the chorus. Since Mr. Costa has been director the performances have been quite a different matter from what they were of old, and to his continued exertions the subscribers and the public must look for further improvements. Among the most essential steps to be enforced is a punctual attendance at rehearsals. Those who, from long service, pressing occupations elsewhere, or any other cause, may be unable or unwilling to co-operate, should be allowed to retire and repose on their laurels. Without good rehearsals, as we have already said a dozen times, good performances are impossible. The attempted abolition of applause and encores has been more successful than was anticipated, and eminently useful in fixing the attention of the audience, and helping them better to understand and appreciate the music. This admirable precaution should be maintained as strictly as practicable. Even at profane concerts and operas the encore system is a nuisance; how much more out of place, and, indeed, indecorous, during the performance of sacred oratorios! With regard to the hall itself, the great width of which is an advantage to musical effect that probably no other room in Europe can boast, it is doubtful whether further alterations would insure further improvement. An opinion is prevalent, however, that the organ is placed too high to be of material assistance to the chorus, and that the disposition of the orchestra itself approaches too near the perpendicular. Both questions merit consideration between this and next season.

The following is a complete and correct list of the concerts as they have taken place in the season 1850-51.—1850, 29th Nov. *Messiah*.* 6th Dec. do. 13th Dec. do. 23rd Dec. *Elijah*.* 1851, 20th Jan. do. 30th Jan. *Israel in Egypt*.* 12th Feb. do. 26th Feb. *Saul*.* 11th March, *Samson*.* 26th March, do. 9th April, do.* 16th April, *Messiah*.* 2nd May, *Elijah*.* 16th May, do. 23rd May, *Messiah*.* 30th May, do. 6th June, *Elijah*. 13th June, *Creation*.* 20th June, do. 27th June, *Elijah*. 4th July, do. 11th July, *Creation*. 18th July, *Messiah*. 25th July, *Elijah*. 1st Aug. *Creation*. 8th Aug. do. 15th Aug. *St. Paul*.* 29th Aug. *Messiah*. 5th Sept. *Elijah*. 12th Sept. *Creation*. 19th Sept. *Messiah*. 26th Sept. *Elijah*.

* Subscription Nights.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. GLOVER'S ORATORIO—*Emmanuel*.—We owe an apology to Mr. Glover; he sent us the usual *dual* admission to his Oratorio on Friday last, but from our other avocations we were not in time for the overture, and could not remain to hear the second part. It is consequently impossible to give our impressions even of a first hearing. It certainly does seem a daring attempt to write an oratorio on the

very subject which the colossal Handel has rendered immortal by his *Messiah*. Who is there of modern times since Beethoven, except the ever to be lamented Mendelssohn, fit to approach such a subject? Yet neither Mendelssohn or Beethoven attempted it; they tried and succeeded on other sacred themes, but the *Messiah* was left to their great predecessor. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and if Mr. Glover in soaring so high, has not yet reached the sublime, he has undoubtedly escaped the ridiculous. We heard nothing to laugh at; on the contrary the first part contains some well written pieces, with an original flow of melody, that betokens talent of no common order. The oratorio was well got up, and had evidently been well rehearsed. The principal solo parts were allotted to our local singers—Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Brook, Messrs. G. Cooper, Walton, Mellor, and Brook; the chorus being some of our best, the band small but select, and all went very smoothly under the baton of the composer. Had we the power of analysis of Macfarren himself we should be sorry to exercise it on the present occasion. We leave it to other hands to pick—where *this* was like Mendelssohn, *that* an imitation of Handel, &c., &c.

In writing on such a subject perhaps no composer can avoid thinking of his great predecessors—and we would rather state the impression that was made upon us generally—that, in what we heard, there was much more beauty and originality, as well as adaptation to the words than we anticipated. In particular we would mention the air "Into thy hands," (nicely sung by Mrs. Brook); the chorus of Wise men, "Where is he" &c. (which was encored); duet Mr. Wood and Mr. G. Cooper, "The day spring from on high;" tenor air "Oh, taste and see," by Mr. G. Cooper, the melody nice and flowing, and the accompaniment *à la* Mendelssohn. The parts we liked least were the unaccompanied quartet and the finale chorus with its fugue—and Handelian manner:—the first wanted clearness, the latter weight and grandeur.

From what we did hear we should be glad to hear the entire work on some future occasion. Mr. Glover must be pleased with its warm reception on a first hearing by a very crowded audience, and by the success of its first public performance. If we owed an apology to Mr. Glover, we are under still greater necessity to make one to Mr. H. B. Peacock, who sent us the complimentary duet to his two grand concerts this week, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st, at the Free Trade Hall, Madame Clara Novello, Mdle. Caroline Beer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Delavanti being the vocalists, and the great little Sivori—solo violin. We got the invitations too late for the first evening, having pre-engaged ourselves, and the second—an envious storm of rain set in—just as we should have set out, and, as usual on a sudden emergency, not a cab or a conveyance to be had. Two miles in the pouring rain was too much to encounter even to hear Madame Clara Novello—whose fine voice and charming style we so well remember some eight years ago as Mdme. Clara Novello—we were curious to hear if she had lost as little in her eight years' retirement as Sontag did in her twenty; but the fates were against us, and we must wait until we can see and hear her on the stage, as we see she is announced as *prima donna* for a short Italian opera season at our Theatre Royal, commencing on Saturday the 4th, with *Sonnambula*. Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Stigelli, Mr. Whitworth and Miss Isaacs, are all the other names that appear at present. You will perhaps be able to give an extract or an abstract of the report on the concert this week, from the *Guardian* or the *Examiner*, both of which papers give glowing accounts, in Wednesday's number, of the first of them on Tuesday night. Madame Clara Novello gets high praise. Hallé has announced his winter campaign of "Classical Chamber

Concerts," to begin on the 23rd inst. They are to be held this season in the Town Hall, King Street.

Reviews of Music.

"STYRIENNE BRILLIANTE"—Pour le Piano-forte—Composée par FERDINAND PRAEGER. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

We have said last week, "the more Mr. Ferdinand Praeger wrote the better," and now, as though in echo of our words, we have before us, an offering to Monsieur Louis Hoffermans of the Hague, a Brilliant Styrienne, in every way worthy of association with the elegant mazurka and graceful waltz, which we had the pleasure of recommending to our readers in our last. Mr. Praeger has the art of flattering the *amour propre* of learners by giving them means of display without unduly taxing either their fingers or their brains. Ready masters with no great powers of execution should eagerly seize on the light compositions of Mr. Praeger, in anticipation of being asked to play something showy by the mammas, or other protectors of their scholars. Thus by example may they teach the young idea how to shoot.

"ORIGINAL WALTZ for the Piano-forte—C. M. VON WEBER" (Posthumous work.) Ewer and Co.

As a remnant of Weber this trifle will be welcomed by every amateur and professor with uncovered key-board and outstretched fingers. It is very short—only three pages—very unaffected, and very merry for poor Weber. The first subject, in D, is bold and spirited, *ardito con brio*. The trio in G is simple and graceful, *grazioso e legato*. There is not much which can be called new in this waltz, nor much that is striking, but it is wholly without pretence, and, as a passing thought of so illustrious a thinker, put down upon paper and made immortal by the attachment of his name, to whom can it prove unwelcome? Not to us assuredly, nor, if we be not mistaken, to any who profess and feel a love for music.

"THE MOUNTAIN ECHO"—Song of the Alpine Hunter Words by FREDERICK MORTON—Music by ROBERT GUYLOTT. Webb's Music Saloon.

The style of this song is bucolic. The title-page is bucolic, being covered with a green *esquisse* of all manner of hunt, and beasts and birds and fishes of hunt, men of hunt, and instruments of hunt, prettily devised, and cunningly spread over the face of the paper. Who sketched this *tableau* may be called "limner" without question. The words, by Mr. Frederick Morton, are tasteful and dainty, setting forth how the sun walked in the skies, and made the morning blush; how zephyr sighed and woke the rose, which blushed the morning into countenance; how the chamois bounded wildly; how the lark was on his wing; and how the hunter, by a blast on his horn, invited the coming of his friends, and induced the chamois and the lark to bolt. What was sport to the hunter and his friends was no joke to the chamois and the lark, who, with pierced hide, or crushed wing, would have made but sorry figures in the sunny, zephyry, and rosy landscape, described by the poet, "all nature sweetly smiling." It is an error of poets to exclude beasts and birds of hunt from the general category of nature's objects, or to mistake groans for smiles, smashed legs and severed necks and banded beaks for sleek faces, active limbs, and eager shoulders; confounding the joy of the zealous chaseman with the dole of the smitten snipe. Mr. Guylott, the musician, has set all this, or much of it, to an *andantino spiritoso*, in G, bucolic, as we have hinted, but distinguished for liveliness of tune and blotless candour of accompaniment. We recommend the song in particular to hunters after a jovial day's sport.

"WHEN THE SWALLOWS FLY TOWARDS HOME" (Agatha)—English version of the words by ERNEST BRÜCK—FRANZ ABT. Wessel and Co.

One of the prettiest of a series of twelve German songs, selected from the album of Mademoiselle Nancy Wessel, and also a favourable specimen of modern German sentimental ballad, at which Herr Abt is evidently apt. It is in D flat—the sentimental key *par excellence*; not only with Bellini, and the Italians and Donizetti, but with Balfe and the British and Wallace, who have all pight the strongest manifestations of their peculiar sentiment in this particular key. But Herr Abt's ballad has other merits besides being in the key of D flat. It is melodious, and vocal, if not strikingly original; and sweetly harmonised if not profoundly learned. In short, a better drawing-room song for ambitious young ladies, who, possessing a smattering of German are given to make display of so much as they have acquired, through the medium of voice and piano, could not easily be asked for, or, if asked for, not easily obtained, or if obtained, not easily laid aside, or if laid aside, not easily resumed; for all such ephemeral things, be they ever so much engaging, have their hour, the last second whereof having expired, it no more returns than a shotten thrushchen to its parents' house. Herr Abt, however, for such as he is, may be recommended, and his song, for such as it is, a graceful bagatelle. We give the German title for the convenience of our lady readers.—"Wenn die Schwalben hernwärts ziehn."

"THE FONTENOT POLKA"—By MISS O'BRIEN—Ollivier.

This really brilliant, really sparkling, and really pleasing—for these terms are too often falsely applied—Polka, (which, by the way, is a Polka, not to be said fairly of all Polkas so called) is, we understand, the composition of an amateur. It requires, nevertheless, no such plea in its behalf. Not to say that it is superlative, it is fine to recognise not merely in an amateur, but an amateuress, conjointly with a lively flow of tune, which would make Terpsichore dance in spite of herself, a skillful method of arrangement and a facility in the disposition of the accompaniment, betokening no inconsiderable musical acquirement. The title of this Polka, which we recommend heartily to our dancing friends, is derived from Spinosa Hannay's able and popular novel, *Singleton Fontenoy*; and if the Polka of Miss O'Brien find as many readers as the novel of Mr. Hannay, we shall have to congratulate the authoress, of which we have no doubt.

Foreign.

PARIS.—After several representations of the *Prophete* at the Grand Opera, Alboni reappeared as Leonore in the *Favorite* with the same brilliant success as before. Mdle. Nau has made her *reentrée*. The production of the *Barbiere* is talked of for Alboni.

BERLIN.—The operatic star at present here is Roger, the French tenor, who, to use the expressive phraseology of your not over-well informed, "Own Correspondent," at Vienna, has for the present "snuffed out" the three contending *prime donne*. He has been alternately playing, and with equal success, Raoul in the *Huguenots*, George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*, and Jean of Leyden in the *Prophete*. He has, to traduce a French expression, "held head" successively against Madame Kæster, Mdle. Tusek, and Mdle. Wagner, and has borne him bravely. I am glad to say that hitherto the popular French tenor has refrained from the absurd claptrap of singing an opera at one time in French and at another time in German, for which he was so much belauded in a certain free town of Germany, not a little conceited about its musical taste and means of execution. It is one thing to hear a fine performance, and another thing to be favoured with oral persuasion that M. Roger is familiar

with divers tongues; which, though to him a matter of pleasure and importance, is not of the slightest consequence to the subscriber of the opera, or the musical public in general.

By the way, as far as I can dive into the meaning of your "Own Correspondent," at Vienna, sunk as it is at the bottom of a deep well of verbiage, rather muddy than clear, he appears to me greatly misinformed on certain matters of no little interest to the operatic world. I especially allude to the announcement of Mdle. Wagner's engagement in London, and the destination of Meyerbeer's *African*. Your "Own Correspondent" insinuates—if I rightly translate his meaning, wrapt up as it is, mummy-wise, in phrasy foldings—that Dr. Billing (whom he means, I presume, by Dr. B. six stars), had engaged Mdle. Wagner, and secured the *partitur* of *L'African* for Her Majesty's Theatre. Unluckily for your "Own Correspondent's" veracity, I have reason to believe, and my information springs from a near source, that the voice of the celebrated Tedescan *prima donna*, and the *partitur* of the illustrious Tedescan composer, are destined to a direction further east; and that a certain edifice, bounded on the north by Hart Street, on the west by houses on the south by Covent Garden market, and on the east by Bow Street, will enjoy the incalculable advantage of the voice and talent of Jenny Lind's rival, and the unheard *partitur* of Weber's successor. Mr. Gye—mind I state this on good grounds—Mr. Gye (not Mr. G. two stars) is here while I write, and has been seen issuing from the house of Mdle. Wagner, heavily laden with papers—not newspapers, but evidently *scritura*. It is also well known that Mr. Gye took Boulogne-sur-mer on his way to Berlin, and had two lengthy conferences with the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*, from whose residence he was seen to issue laden with papers—not newspapers, but evidently *scritura*. These after all are but data whereon to build conclusions; points from which surmise hitches up his trousers, holds his breath, and addresses him to the goal. Nevertheless, one thing is certain, that Mdle. Wagner is engaged for London next season: and one thing is uncertain, that Meyerbeer will give his *African* in the spring either to Paris or to London. The moment I have any more definite information, you shall be put in possession of it without delay.—From our own Correspondent.

MILAN.—At the present epoch political movements, have entirely taken up the minds of the Italian people in consequence of which all the eminent theatrical artists have gone to seek attraction elsewhere, by which it may easily be understood that the theatres are very badly attended. Milan is, nevertheless, the seat of all the musical attractions in Italy, where theatrical managers go to look for artists, and where nearly all the principal operas of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti have been for the first time presented. For the last four years, however, Milan has been nearly forgotten, no operatic representation has attracted any attention. The new managers of the theatre *La Scala*, have engaged the *Maestra* Signor Buttera to compose a new opera—*Atale and Chactas*—in which one of the principal attractions has proved a very beautiful *solo* for the flute, executed by Signor Rabboni, an executant of deserved celebrity upon Böhm's flute. This has produced an effect never before attained by any flautist at Milan, and crowded audiences have been nightly attracted to the theatre, simply to hear this solo performed by Signor Rabboni. The effect indeed has been such, that the public call the flute upon which it is played a new instrument invented by Signor Rabboni.—(From a Correspondent.)

MILAN.—*L'Opinione de Turin* recounts that to do honour to the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who is on a visit to his Italian dominions, the municipal authorities proposed

to open the *Scala* for a few nights, and to engage a *troupe* expressly for the occasion—the same which has been recently at Bergamo, including Madame Gazzaniga. To ensure full attendance, the municipal authorities invited all the proprietors to declare if it was their intention to assist at the performance. The mute and expressive reply of the proprietors was the transmission of the keys of their boxes, which they placed at the disposal of the municipal authorities. Consequently, as the last number of *La Fama* informs its readers, the performances were "suspended."

AN ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH II.

Karl Dittersdorff visited Vienna in 1789, for the purpose of making arrangements for the performance of his oratorio of *Job*. He wished likewise to have his symphonies on Ovid's *Metamorphoses* performed at the Imperial Gardens. For this it was requisite to obtain the Emperor's permission, to which Dittersdorff was honoured with an interview with Joseph II. He had been informed that the Emperor was in the habit of making very minute inquiries on any subject which excited his interest; and that when, in the course of a conversation, he made those inquiries, he liked to receive a decided answer, given without timidity or hesitation; and that any expressions indicating humility or flattery were sure to displease him.

The Emperor received Dittersdorff in his private cabinet, and after a little conversation on the oratorio of *Job*, on which the Emperor made some observations highly complimentary to the composer, the following dialogue ensued. It is here given as related by Dittersdorff himself.

Emperor.—Are you still employed by the government of Silesia?

Dittersdorff.—Yes, your Majesty.

E.—In what capacity?

D.—In the departments of finance and jurisprudence.

E.—(in an emphatic manner).—And do you possess the requisite information on those subjects?

D.—As I have held my appointment for the space of thirteen years, I may fairly presume that I am deemed competent to discharge its duties.

E.—How have you made yourself master of so many various attainments?

D.—Having been born and educated in Vienna, it would have been a disgrace to me had I learned only to play the violin and to compose music.

E.—Have you heard Mozart?

D.—Three times, your Majesty.

E.—What do you think of his playing?

D.—My opinion concurs with that of all musical connoisseurs who have heard him.

E.—Have you heard Clementi?

D.—Yes, Sire.

E.—There are some persons who prefer Clementi to Mozart. What is your opinion on that question? Tell me frankly.

D.—Clementi's playing is characterised by a vast deal of skill and science. With those qualities Mozart combines the inspiration of an exquisitely fine taste and fancy.

E.—That is my opinion, and I am much gratified to find that it agrees with yours. What do you think of Mozart's compositions?

D.—They appear to me to be the creations of a bold and original genius. I know of no composer who is gifted with so rich a fund of new ideas. I should wish him to use them more sparingly. He never affords his listeners time to breathe. When the ear is disposed to dwell on a beautiful idea, another rises up and puts it to flight. Thus the mass of hearers—the unscientific (but those, after all, to whom music ought to be addressed, as well as to the more educated and learned)—are unable to catch and follow the multiplicity of beauties which Mozart so lavishly diffuses through his compositions.

E.—You are right. In his operas he frequently introduces such a crowd of notes in the accompaniments that the singers complain.

D.—That is not a fault, so long as a composer has skill to keep the orchestral parts subordinate to the vocal.

E.—As you have done, Dittersdorff, in your new works. By the way, what do you think of the compositions of Haydn?

D.—I have not heard any of his operas.

E.—You have lost nothing by that. But what do you think of his instrumental compositions, his canzonets, &c.?

D.—That they deserve the admiration they universally excite. Haydn does not enjoy an evanescent glory like those insects whose existence lasts only from morning till night. He understands the art of embellishing so exquisitely even a trivial idea, that it presents an air of novelty to the most experienced ear.

E.—Does he not sometimes indulge in eccentricity?

D.—Yes; but without overstepping the boundaries of genuine art.

E.—Right. I some time ago amused myself in comparing Haydn and Mozart. I should like to hear you draw a similar comparison, so that I may know how far your notions correspond.

D.—Your Majesty imposes upon me a very difficult task, and before I attempt to execute it, I must request permission to address a question to your Majesty.

E.—The permission is granted.

D.—What comparison would your Majesty be inclined to draw between the works of Klopstock and Gellert?

E.—(after a short pause).—Hem! Both are great poets. One must read the writings of Klopstock several times over before we can discern all their beauties. On the contrary, the beauties of Gellert are apparent at first glance.

D.—Your Majesty has now answered the question which you put to me.

E.—Then, I presume, you would compare Mozart to Klopstock, and Haydn to Gellert?

D.—That, I think, would be a fair comparison.

E.—I cannot dispute it.

D.—May I request to know the similitude which your Majesty has established between the two great composers?

E.—You shall hear. I compare the compositions of Mozart to a gold snuff-box made in Paris, and those of Haydn to one of London make. Both are beautiful. The former excels in tasteful ornament; but the latter is distinguished for its chaste simplicity and fine polish. Thus you see our opinions very closely approximate. I am very glad to have made acquaintance with you, and am happy to find you a different man from what you have been described to me.

D.—How your Majesty?

E.—I was given to understand that you were egotistical and vain, and that you were unwilling to award praise to other composers. I rejoice at having discovered the contrary, and I shall be happy to have the pleasure of conversing with you frequently. You will always find me ready to receive you at the hour at which you were admitted to-day.

Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Private property in literature, like private property in umbrellas, is of so exceedingly doubtful a nature that we have almost brought ourselves to consider any exclusive right in the matter as an idle chimera. But if a man were to borrow our umbrella, take out our initials from the handle, insert his own, and then haughtily display it in a public thoroughfare, we should feel much inclined to seize him by the collar and accuse him before the bystanders of the theft.

In a series of articles written by me, some time ago, for your Journal, which were afterwards re-published in a volume, under the title of "Musings of a Musician," one appeared called "A Plea for Operatic Bases." This paper was inserted entire and word for word, in the last number of the *Musical World*, as an

original communication to the editor, and signed "Saroni." Who "Saroni" may be I know not, but I shall feel much obliged if you will, in your next number, publish this letter, and call upon your anonymous correspondent to explain himself, not only for my satisfaction, but for the maintenance of the well known respectability of the journal which he has attempted to deceive.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

HENRY C. LUNN.

32, Bloomsbury Square, 29th Sep., 1851.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Atherstone, Oct. 1, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I feel reluctant to trespass upon your time and space, but I also feel it to be my bounden duty to express my warmest thanks for, and unbounded admiration of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's magnificently written critique on *Fidelio*. These papers are intensely interesting, not only to the musician, but to the general reader, they are a truly intellectual feast. Mr. Macfarren deals with his subject, not only as a profound musician but as one who has a thorough knowledge of the profoundest depths of the human heart; indeed it is sometimes doubtful which to admire most, the master-mind of Beethoven, or that of the writer of so able an exposition of the great composer's intentions.

Young composers, of great works especially, may congratulate themselves on having a critic to refer to, so able and willing to do full and impartial justice to their labours. (Horsley's "David," to wit.)

I quite concur with your correspondent, Mr. Baker, that the thanks of all who feel interested in musical matters are due to Mr. G. A. Macfarren.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MADAME EVELINA GARCIA DE TORRES.

SIR,—In the last number of the *Musical World* your reporter in giving an account of the concert which took place at Greenwich, on the 25th of September last, after stating that Rodé's air and variations were "attempted" by me, asks, "Who is Madame Garcia?" To this question I beg to give the following reply: I am the daughter of Mme. Loreto Garcia, who sung during 12 years at the Theatre Royal, Madrid, from which she has a life-pension. She was also *prima donna* for 4 years at *La Scala*, at Milan, and occupied the same position at the *Theatre Royal des Italiens*, at Paris, in 1828 and '29, at the same time as Madame Sontag. With regard to myself, I am the daughter of Don José de Torrès, Marquis de Villamejor, Viscount d'Iruetès, &c., Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Cavalry; but I have always sung under my mother's maiden name, as she did herself. My musical studies were made at the *Conservatoire Royal de Musique* in Paris, first under Garandé, and afterwards under Borlogni. I have sung at concerts in most of the towns of Germany, in Belgium, Italy, Hungary, &c., and lastly, about a month ago, at Manchester, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society of that town, where, I will say, *en passant*, that the "variations," ("attempted," at Greenwich), were rapturously encored. A reference to the 29th number (vol. 24) of your journal will show that the Madame Garcia so unknown in 1851 to *The Musical World*, (or rather to its Greenwich reporter), was not by any means so in 1849, for on the 21st of July of that year, in the notice of my *Matinée Musicale* of the 9th, it is stated that "Signora Garcia de Torres, has a rich *soprano* voice, and vocalizes with considerable fluency." She sang Donizetti's *aria* 'Nel Sasso,' and Rodé's air with variations, the latter with great brilliancy, and produced a corresponding effect." With what effect I sang these same variations on the 25th of last month, I desire no more flattering testimony than that of any one of those present among the audience. I have since been informed that Rodé's variations were intended to have been sung (I will not say "attempted") by another. Can it be to this fortuitous circumstance that I owe

the more than singular notice of your reporter? Let me add that he is also strangely "abroad" in his general account of the concert, so much so, as to lead one to believe that he was not present. I should make this letter too long were I to point out in detail the blunders he commits, but I will cite one or two in order to prove my assertion. Miss Binckes did not sing the air from the *Sonnambula*, "Ah non giunge," but "Una voce" from the *Barbiere*, nor did Mr. Whitworth sing any *aria* of Vogel's, and "The eternal Prayer from the *Mosè in Egitto*," was, this time, only "eternal" for your reporter, as it was not given at all. As for Mr. Frank Mori, seeing that he has been for the last three weeks at Brussels with his family, I do not see how it was possible for him to "officialiate as conductor"—even with the aid of the electric telegraph. In conclusion, I must call upon you, sir, as an act of justice, to insert the present reclamation in your next No., as the manner in which your reporter has thought proper to notice me in your esteemed and widely circulated journal is calculated to do me injury.

I am, Sir, with the highest consideration,

Yours, most obediently,

EVELINA GARCIA (DE TORRES).

28, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, Oct. 2nd, 1851.

[The notice of the Greenwich affair came from an occasional contributor who will doubtless, like ourselves, feel obliged for the information supplied so politely by Mad. Garcia.—ED. M. W.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Another four performances—how often have we repeated the same words?—and then in reality the opera season, the extra season, will be brought to a close—how many times have we repeated the same words? Now, however, we can assure our readers that the grand theatre will on Saturday next, close its portals until the ensuing spring, and lock up its echoes with the frosty months—the grand national concerts being dead beyond all hope of resuscitation.

The performances of the week, commencing on Wednesday, have been *Lucrezia Borgia* (Wednesday); *Norma* (Thursday); *Barbiere* (Friday); and to-night will be given *Fidelio*. To the three first were added selections from *Der Freischütz*, and *Gustave* for Madame Fiorentini, and the *Pas de Poignards* from *Il Prodigio* and the *Bal Masqué* from *Gustave* for the ballets.

Madame Barbieri Nini took her leave on Wednesday. The house was very full, and the audience applauded loudly the celebrated *cantatrice*, who sang and acted with all her usual force and emphasis, creating the customary furor in "M'odi, m'odi," and obtaining the old recall and honours.

Mdlle. Maria Cruvelli, sister of the gifted Sophie, who has been much too rarely at Her Majesty's Theatre, appeared as Maffeo Orsini, for the first time, and made an extremely favourable impression. The charming *contralto* voice of this young singer was exhibited to great advantage in the opening romance, "Nella fatal, &c.," which was deservedly applauded. To sing the "Brindisi" after Alboni was no light matter, and Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli wisely avoided comparisons by imitating the great Marietta in none of her "points," giving a version entirely her own, remarkable alike for taste, spirit, and musical feeling. She was unanimously encored, and well merited the compliment.

The *Norma* of Cruvelli on Thursday night deserves a special word. Having had four clear days' rest, Mr. Lumley's *prima donna* came out with additional power of voice, and with more fire and energy than we have yet seen her exhibit in the acting. In short, Cruvelli's *Norma*, on Thursday night, was emphatically her best performance of that part; and this only proves what we have so often advanced,

that even a voice as powerful as Cruvelli's must have cessation from labour, or its beauty and force cannot always be depended on. Mr. Lumley should take a hint from Cruvelli's magnificent singing on Thursday night, after *four days repose*. She was recalled after the "Casta Diva," again at the end of the first act, and twice at the conclusion of the opera. Mdle. Feller, by the way, deserves a word of strong praise for the manner in which she sang the difficult music of Adalgisa. We always admired Mdle. Feller's charming voice, but were not quite prepared for the vocal capabilities made manifest on Thursday night. Mdle. Feller must be no less lauded for the zeal and exertion she displayed in attempting the music of Marcellina in *Fidelio*, in which character she makes her first appearance to-night.

Next week four more performances will be given, and Her Majesty's Theatre will positively close with the closing of the Grand Exhibition.

It may be here the place to state that the notice of the rumour of Balfe's retirement from the conductorship of Her Majesty's Theatre, which appeared last week in our miscellaneous columns, was taken from the *Athenæum*. We have reason to believe, as we hope, that there is no truth whatever in the report. The authority was inadvertently unacknowledged.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—The announcements of the American and French *troupe* at this theatre, remind us rather of that serpent kind of animal, the Hydra of ancient times, of whom our friend Ovid tells us:

Vulneribus fecunda suis erat illa; nec ullum
De centum numero caput est impune recisum
Quin gemine cervix hæcæde valentior esset.

for old Father Time no sooner cuts off with his pitiless scythe their "last week," than two or three more instantly spring up to supply its place. The management are evidently of opinion that the precept, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam" does not apply to them, for if they had stuck to their "last" (week, *tous entends*) they would not have been performing now. We are not, however, going to quarrel with them about this, on the contrary, we are glad to see that they have enjoyed so large a degree of public patronage as to enable them to remain with us so long, as the entertainments they have provided have really been excellent. In a former article—which must remain an indefinite one, for we cannot say in what number of the *Musical World* it appeared—we asserted what we now repeat, that Equestrian Exercises can naturally only consist of a repetition of pretty much the same feats of skill and dexterity, and therefore easily become monotonous. On the other hand, however, it is equally true that these elementary feats may be twisted and twirled about, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, so as still to attract by the novelty of their combinations, when they have long ceased to do so by their own originality. This truth is one which has been duly felt by the management of the American and French *troupe*, and the consequence is, that like Monsieur Robin, who showers forth myriads of bouquets from some old hat or other, which was previously innocent of the smallest rose leaf, they contrive to discharge, every evening, at about eleven o'clock, crowded audiences from the doors of a theatre, in which some little time ago, no one would any more have thought of looking for

an audience than he would have expected to find a mob in Exeter Change.

But at present, now that reform has been introduced into the Court of Chancery, whose suits, unlike those of our tailor, were formerly warranted never to wear out, we feel justified in affirming that everything, even the performances of the American and French *troupe* must have an end, as surely as they also possessed an object, namely, that of making as much money as possible, and we therefore advise all such as have not yet witnessed them, to do so without delay, or they may otherwise lose the opportunity, for, in consequence of the theatre being let for other purposes, we believe that at the expiration of the period at present announced for the departure of the *troupe* from London, we shall, after having so often noticed the great *finish* of their feats, at last have to chronicle their conclusion as well.

LUXEUM.—*Mercadet*, a posthumous comedy by the late M. de Balzac, was produced last August at the Gymnase, and attracted an audience worthy of its author's celebrity. So great was the success obtained by the intrinsic merit of the piece, and by the admirable acting of M. Geoffrey in the principal character, that it still remains in the Parisian playbill as one of the most attractive pieces of the day. The previous dramatic labours of M. de Balzac did not earn for him a fame by any means commensurate with his reputation as a novelist. Indeed, for that talent in minute description, which is so fully displayed in his narrative works, and which is one of his chief characteristics, the stage offers no opportunity whatever. From these premises it might have been inferred that the drama was not his proper vocation, but this conclusion is prevented by his posthumous play, which shows that he had qualifications for a comedy writer of the highest order.

Mercadet, as the hero of the piece so called, represents a character especially belonging to the present day. He is a *millionnaire*, with the highest reputation on the Bourse, who has been ruined by the flight of a dishonest partner. To keep up his credit in spite of his loss, he has resource to all sorts of projects, and endeavours to form all sorts of companies. His desperate speculations, though sometimes prosperous, have ultimately raised an army of greedy creditors, and it is when he has lost everything and is bated by these persecutors that the play begins. He is shown working on the temperament of each individual creditor—coaxing one, bullying another, till he succeeds, not only in softening them, but in making them lend him more money. This is required to make the preparations for his daughter's marriage with the wealthy Count de la Brive, on whom all his hopes of restoring his credit depend. Everything seems straight, when suddenly he is astounded by the discovery that the Count is himself a ruined man, who hopes to retrieve his fortunes by marrying the daughter of the rich *Mercadet*. In fact, *Mercadet* and the Count have been trying to practise on each other like the Copper Captain and Estifania. The speculator is still undaunted, and as a last resource requests the Count, whom he has in his power, as a holder of acceptances, to personate the runaway partner, now returned with a large fortune. During the temporary restoration of credit which this fraud will occasion he hopes to effect advantageous operations in the share market. His wife, who is less unscrupulous than himself, dissuades the Count from joining her husband in so dishonourable a scheme, and in the meanwhile the real runaway partner really returns. The creditors whom *Mercadet* has called to his house are all delighted, their debts are all paid, and the only puzzled person is *Mercadet* himself, who knows last of all that the partner is no impostor, but a wealthy penitent who has brought him an immense fortune from India.

The character of *Mercadet* is admirably drawn. His indomitable courage and tact in facing the most formidable difficulties create a sympathy which he does not earn by any one moral virtue. He is a scamp at heart, but on such a grand scale that everybody rejoices to see him cleared from his embarrassments at last. The creditors likewise are delineated with an artistic hand. There is the brutal creditor—and the creditor who is an intimate private friend—and the creditor who assumes an appearance almost of mendicancy to

extort his interest by charitable instalments; not one of them is a repetition of the other, though all are selfish and rapacious speculators. The situations of the piece are strongly marked, and the dialogue is natural and sharply to the point. Mercadet and his creditors have too serious a purpose to stand still for the sake of fine talking, though many a smart saying, and many a shrewd maxim falls from their lips. The only objection to which the play is open is the want of variety for the characters of the mother and daughter, and the honourable love of the latter, are too slight to interrupt the general tone of cupidity and selfishness. This is an objection that will be made more by those who take their standard from English comedy, than by the French, who are satisfied to see an idea well worked out.

At Mr. Charles Mathews' benefit, which took place last night, a version of *Mercadet* was brought out under the title of *A Game of Speculation*. The scene is laid in London, but in other respects the original is closely followed, though an attempt is made here and there to elevate the moral character of Mercadet. The execution of the piece is excellent. Mr. C. Mathews plays Mr. Affable Hawk (the English Mercadet) with infinite blandness and subtlety, and each of his victories raised the sympathetic laughter of the audience, many of whom had probably never seen the art of talking over so fully developed. Mr. Roxby was Sir Harry Lester (the Count), the easy impudent adventurer, and the peculiarities of the several creditors were well shadowed out by Messrs. F. Matthews, B. Baker, Sutor, and Horncastle. The piece was completely successful, and a general demand was made for the author, when Mr. Roxby came forward and stated that his name was Lawrence.

ADELPHI.—A *pièce de circonstance*, entitled *Bloomerism*; or, *the Follies of the Day*, was produced at this favourite theatre on Thursday evening with the greatest success. The plot, which is far better than that of the ordinary run of pieces of this description, is pretty much as follows:—A number of gentlemen, Mr. Green, Mr. Bounce, Mr. Weakly, and others have all some croquet, in the shape either of Vegetarianism, or Universal Peace, or Hydropathy, or something else, by which, like many other clever men, they make very great fools of themselves. To cure them of their absurdities their respective wives are induced to imitate the example of a strong minded woman, Mrs. Green (Miss Woolgar), who has already gone the whole hog and mounted the platform in defence of Mrs. Bloomer. As a natural consequence of this, the absurdities of the ladies open the eyes of the husbands to their own and if they do not know the old motto

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

they at any rate determine to act according to its spirit, and behave like sensible men in future.

This piece is remarkable for the wit and broad humour of the dialogue, as well as the great breadth and freedom with which the different characters—all real characters—are sketched in. The acting was excellent. That of the Misses Woolgar and Chaplin preeminently so, while the singing of Miss Fitzwilliam in one little parody was excessively charming. The audience were in a roar of laughter, from the beginning to the end of the piece; and at the fall of the curtain, after the whole company had once more appeared to bow their thanks to the audience, Mr. J. Nightingale appeared alone in obedience to a unanimous and most hearty "call" for the authors, his *collaborateur*, Mr. C. Millward, being at present in Liverpool. We may, by the way, mention that Mr. Nightingale is our own "Liverpool Correspondent," and Mr. Millward that of the "Era." We fancy that the farce of *Bloomerism* will remain on the Adelphi stage long after it has ceased to be enacted in real life.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The revival of *Timon of Athens* by Mr. Phelps is one of the most remarkable that have taken place

during his management. It was just the play for a manager who shines in the exhibition of dramatic curiosities to take in hand. Although modern investigation has led to a belief that Shakspeare, whose name it bears, had but a small share in it, it has long enough held an unquestioned position in his works to be as inseparably connected with his name as the Latin tragedies of Seneca, whoever wrote them, are with that of the stoic moralist, and few plays are more familiar in the closet than the one which records the fortunes of the Athenian misanthrope. Nevertheless, it has not been seen on the stage since 1816, when the elder Kean played the principal character seven times—a date beyond the limit of an ordinary play-going life. Hence it had the two qualifications of an established reputation and of estrangement from the stage, and these combined are important elements in awakening curiosity. Nor were the difficulties which presented themselves in the way of production among the minor stimulants in awakening curiosity. It was well known that *Timon of Athens* contained some of the most forcible speeches ever written; but it was also known that it was wanting in variety of incident, that several successive scenes, though the different nuances of character are finely executed by the poet, were in point of action almost repetitions of each other, that the catastrophe was flat, and that it was utterly without female interest. In the Elizabethan days, when women were played by boys, this last defect was not very important; but since the introduction of actresses it has generally been regarded as a fatal objection to a dramatic work. Shadwell, who considered that he altered *Timon* into a play, and whose version, often since repeated, was first produced at Dorset Gardens in 1678, attempted to supply the gap by giving Timon two mistresses—one faithful, the other faithless, and allowing the former the privilege of strengthening the catastrophe by killing herself when her beloved was no more. Cumberland, whose version made its appearance at Drury-lane in 1771, adopted another method to remove the same fault. He gave Timon, not a mistress, but a daughter, and married her to Alcibiades. This sort of version was of course not to be taken by such an adherent to text as Mr. Phelps, who would shrink with horror from the notion of presenting Shakspeare, or even a pseudo-Shakspeare, in a Shadwell or Cumberland costume.

How, then, was the manager to proceed? The poet had, indeed, given him the forcible speeches of Timon, the cutting lines of Apemantus, and the small but interesting character of Flavius, but beyond these he had everything to do for himself. He solves the difficulty by carrying out to a great extent Mr. Macready's principle of appealing to the prevailing taste for decorative magnificence, when the effect of mere poetry and fable would be, at least, doubtful. The Greek *symposia* which occur in the piece are put on the stage with every detail of antique splendour. Timon's cave, with the surrounding landscape, is as wild and forbidding as the latter temperament of Timon himself; the less important scenes take place before interiors and exteriors, carefully painted after our knowledge of Athenian life. To heighten the catastrophe the march of Alcibiades is represented by a moving panorama, ending with a moonlit view of Timon's tomb on the sea-shore. This panorama, which is a sort of isolated character, is naturally exposed to the animadversions of those who regard with jealousy all extra-importance given to dramatic accessories, and who censured the employment of a similar expedient when Mr. Macready revived *Henry V.* at Covent Garden. The practical question, however, suggests itself—why, in an age when decorative beauty is remarkably attainable, and when its power of attraction is beyond a doubt, should a manager deny himself this chance of success? The scenery at Sadler's Wells does not

stop the ears of him who wishes to listen to a text, very slightly altered, while he who loves show better than poetry likewise has a source of gratification. *Timon*, as a mere unadorned play, was evidently non-attractive, or we should not find it so frequently altered by different hands, or so seldom acted by Mr. Edmund Kean. Granted that additional means of attraction were requisite somewhere, it is surely more legitimate to strengthen the accessories than to alter the structure, just as it is more legitimate to shine in a drawing-room by means of a fine coat than by means of false colours. There is no doubt that without the accessories *Timon of Athens* would be heavy work, and if those who would shear them off were compelled to sit it out, we should probably be reminded of the artist of the brazen bull, who was made to perish in the instrument of torture he had himself invented.

The acting of the play harmonizes with the pictorial view which Mr. Phelps, who plays the misanthrope, has taken of it. Not only are the indignant speeches spoken with great force, but every endeavour is made to render the character a figure in the general picture. *Timon the prodigal* comes out boldly at the Symposium; *Timon the man-hater*, crouching on his spade, is a figure that might stand in a Poussin landscape. Apemantus not only well suits the bluff rugged manner of Mr. G. Bennet, but he is well placed in every scene in which he appears. The dress of Alcibiades (Mr. Marston) makes him much more historical than as delineated by the poet, who has strangely departed from the Alcibiades of antiquity. The quiet pathos of Flavius, the one good man amid a host of villany, is inobtrusively and judiciously rendered by Mr. Graham. Altogether the way in which *Timon* is presented to the public reflects great credit on every party concerned in it.

MARYLEBONE.—We have carefully reminded our readers, from time to time, of a truth respecting ourselves, of which they probably needed no enlightenment, and that is, that the *Musical World* is always in the right. Since this theatre opened for the enactment of English Operas, we have been urging the necessity of certain reforms in the performances, without which, it seemed pretty clear to us, that the theatre neither could nor ought to succeed. Accordingly the management, profiting doubtless by our hebdomadal and prophetic wisdom, announced on Monday Auber's charming Opera, *Fra Diavolo*, with a new company, and an enlargement and improvement of the orchestra and chorus. But great as has been the beneficial effect of these changes, we doubt whether they are yet such as fully to meet the demands of public taste. The gentlemen were most successful. Mr. Frazer (of Drury Lane, as the bills announce) was the *Fra Diavolo*, and Mr. Lawler, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the *Giacomo*. Of Miss Condell, we regret that we cannot as yet speak in the terms of commendation that we could wish to do. Her voice has considerable power, but it is hard and not sufficiently under her control. Her passage singing is inaccurate and her intonation far from perfect. However, if she would confine herself to singing less elaborate music, she would doubtless be an acquisition to the theatre, for her appearance is prepossessing, and she is a pleasing and graceful actress. The theatre was well filled.

BRITISH SCHOOL, PENTONVILLE.—A selection of music was given here on Monday evening, the performers being Miss Messent, Miss Lizzy Stuart and the Misses Cole, Messrs. H. Dubourg, C. Cotton, G. Tedder, Herr Jonghman, with Mr. W. Thielwell (on the violin). Although the attendance was thin, the concert went off with considerable spirit, and there were several encores. Miss Messent was called on for a repetition of Mr. Baker's Ballad, "I've a heart to exchange," and

also in a Scotch Melody which, by the way, she sang with great vivacity. Miss Lizzy Stuart obtained an encore in Linley's Ballad, "Constance," Herr Jonghman in an *aria buffa*, and Mr. W. Thirlwall, a juvenile and promising violinist, in a solo. The rest of the performers acquitted themselves creditably.

Provincial.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—The seventh Philharmonic Society's concert of the season took place, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 30th, and was attended by a select, though crowded audience. The performance was unusually good, and the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Herrman, played Romberg's symphony, in E flat, the overture of *Les Abencerages*, by Cherubini, and the march from *Athalie* by Mendelssohn, with remarkable care and spirit. Miss Louisa Pyne—who we understand was suffering from the effects of cold, and we venture to guess also from the fatigue very prevalent amongst singers of her proficiency towards the end of a London season—nevertheless sang, in her best manner, a ballad by Schumann, the duet in the *Pre aux clerics* scene from the *Huguenots*, with Herr Formes, which was immensely applauded. Rode's air with variations was rapturously encored, and the very beautiful song, "So mild, so good," from *Fridolin*, by Frank Mori, originally composed for her, rendered in a most charming manner, which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, produced a marked sensation, eliciting very generally the desire that the Directors would shortly follow in the track so spiritedly marked out for them by the managers of the Worcester Festival, and give us in an entire state the whole cantata of *Fridolin*, already so successful in London and Worcester.

Herr Formes sang the Drinking song from *Der Freischutz*, the duet with Miss Louisa Pyne from the *Huguenots*, and the scena with chorus from *Jessonda* most admirably. Indeed we have seldom heard the talented basso profondo in better voice, nor sing with more gusto.

Mr. Chisholm played a fantasia by J. Berr, on the bassoon, and the chorus sang a madrigal by Marenzio, the market chorus from *Masaniello*, another madrigal by Morales, under the direction of Mr. Ludlow, in a way that might have set no bad example to the choristers of the metropolis.

Miscellaneous.

CATHERINE HAYES IN AMERICA.—The arrival of Catherine Hayes took place on Sunday, early in the morning. The *Pacific* arrived in the Bay on Saturday evening, but had to battle out the storm, as no pilot would answer letter, gun, or signal. There was a heavy fog during Sunday morning and the *Pacific* arrived at her dock almost before it was known in the city that she was approaching. Still there was a large crowd of the expectant public, and when Miss Hayes came to the gangway, she was received with enthusiastic cheers, and departed for the Astor House amid "three times three for Catherine Hayes." The passage out was rough and tempestuous; but one fine day, afforded Catherine Hayes an opportunity to give a concert for the benefit of the crew. This concert, in which Herr Mengis, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Mr. Laveno assisted, realized a handsome sum, but before it was over the wild waves lifted their crested heads, and the storm recommenced. However, all things went well. The American Musical Fund Society had arranged to give the fair stranger a "Serenade of Welcome," on the night of her arrival, supposing the arrival would take place on Saturday, and a great many of the members went to the Astor House on Sunday night. Catherine Hayes, however, had the good taste to request a postponement of the intended honour until the following night. The directors and members of the Fund, concurring with Miss Hayes, the "welcome" was postponed, but the rumour had attracted hundreds in front of the Astor House, who were much dissatisfied.

On Monday evening before 9 o'clock, the crowd began to assemble. Hundreds of inquiries were made at the hotel as to "which was her window," "where would she appear," &c., &c. It was originally the intention of the *Musical Fund* to give the serenade inside the Astor House, within the spacious quadrangle, and this report literally crammed every hall and lobby of the vast hotel; every kind of excuse was offered to gain admission, and had the Astor a thousand rooms, on that night there were more than double the number of claimants; but the "pressure from without" demanded a change of plan, for by 11 o'clock several thousand people surrounded the hotel, and clamorously demanded Catherine Hayes and the music. Yielding to public opinion, the members of the *Musical Fund*, preceded by a body of firemen, clad in uniform and bearing lighted torches, sallied from the hotel and formed in front of the window of Miss Catherine Hayes. They immediately opened the serenade with the national airs of America, during which, mingled with loud applause, continued cries were heard for Catherine Hayes, and when in obedience to the call she appeared at the windows accompanied by Mr. Wardwell, and backed by her accompanying artists, the shout of recognition was like a burst of thunder. The lady bowed her acknowledgments again and again, and at length retired amidst tumultuous applause. As soon as the shouts had died away the band played a *pot pourri* upon well known opera airs, many of which had been often sung by Catherine Hayes. The band of wind instruments was numerous and efficient. The people applauded heartily. The concluding piece, was an arrangement by Mr. G. Loder, of several Irish airs, among which the "Minstrel Boy," "Cruiskeen Lawn," "Garry Owen," and others. In the *finale* the three principal themes were brought together with admirable effect. This stirred up the enthusiasm of the crowd, and the cries for Catherine Hayes were too vehement to be resisted. A demonstration even more enthusiastic than that which greeted her first appearance welcomed her now, and the clapping of hands and the shouting of voices lasted long after the fair vocalist and the lights had departed from the chamber, and hundreds lingered round the house until the small hours of the morning had commenced. We never saw a more genuine "demonstration," and we are sure Miss Catherine Hayes will acknowledge, that if her old friends soothed her parting by demonstrations of affection and esteem, her new friends have given her such a welcome that will not cause her to regret parting from them. Catherine Hayes gives her first concert at Tripler Hall, on Tuesday evening next, Sept. 23rd.—*Abridged from Saroni's Musical Times, Sept. 20th.*

ON POETICAL AND MUSICAL EAR.—Some years ago a controversy was carried on in a periodical publication upon this question: "Whether there was a necessity of a musical ear for an orator?" Both parties were obstinate in their respective opinions. Let us examine them. Those that hold a musical ear to be necessary for an orator, support their opinion in this manner:—Every voice has its proper key, from which though the speaker may wander for sake of expression, yet it must return to it again. The different modulations of the voice must be either a little above, or a little below the key, in which it should always close. Any thing out of the key of the voice offends as much in speaking as in singing. Music besides tune, having rhythms, so also is there a measure in oratory, which we cannot falsify without offending the ear. As there are rests in music, so are there pauses in speaking. From all these considerations it is evident that a good ear is equally necessary for an orator and for a musician. To this the other party replies:—As all persons speak, but have not all a musical ear, it is evident that if the latter were necessary for the well doing of the former, those who have no ear would speak in a manner peculiar and disagreeable. If the assessor says that it is not in common speaking, but in oratory that a musical ear is requisite, the other answers:—That as oratory is but the perfection of speaking, there is nothing in oratory that has not its foundation in common speech.

ON THE STATE OF MUSIC FROM THE DEDICATION TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.—After the dedication of the Temple a century elapsed without anything remarkable being mentioned concerning the music of the Hebrews, except the passage already named when Elisha calls for a minstrel previous to

his prophesying. In the year 896 B.C., the singers are mentioned in 2nd Chronicles, 8th chap. 14th verse, to have contributed greatly towards obtaining a singular advantage in favour of Jehoshaphat, over the Amorites, and Moabites; and the Hebrews frequently attributed their success in battle to the animation given the troops by the trumpets, and it was the custom to place the musicians in the front of the armies of Israel. The ancient Gallic, German, and British Druids, who were not only priests, but musicians, used also to animate their countrymen to the fight. The Babylonish captivity swept away all traces of music for a time, but that the art did not perish is obvious from this passage, "The singers, the children of Asaph, a hundred and twenty-eight," but that it languished very much is to be learned from the beautiful commencement of the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," nevertheless music was not discontinued in the Temple, but the pomp and ceremonies of the law were established by Ezra, and we learn from Josephus that the use of sacred music was continued up to the destruction of the Temple.—*From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

SINGING.—The mechanical part of singing, even the most perfect, is an indispensable part of the merit of a good singer; but this is not all. The most successful delivery of the voice, the best regulated respiration, the purest execution of the ornaments, and, what is very rare, the most perfect intonation, are the means by which a great singer expresses the sentiments which animate him; but they are nothing more than means; and he who should persuade himself that the whole art of a singer is comprised in them, might sometimes give his audience a degree of tranquil pleasure, but would never cause them to experience vivid emotion. The great singer is one who identifies himself with the personage whom he represents, with the situation in which he is placed, and the feelings which agitate him; who abandons himself to the inspiration of the moment, as the composer would do in writing the music which he performs; and who neglects nothing which may contribute to the effect, not of an isolated piece, but of the whole character. The union of these qualities constitutes what is called expression. Without expression, there never was a great singer, however perfect the mechanical part of his singing might be; and expression, when it is real, and not merely laboured acting, has often obtained pardon for an incorrect performance.

THE FIDDLE BOW.—The antiquity of the use of the bow in the violin has been the subject of many conjectural disputes. Some have fixed the era of its being known in England about the beginning of the fourteenth century. None have gone farther back; but it is evident, from a monkish device, in the cathedral of St. Augustine, in Bristol, that the bow was known much earlier here. This cathedral was founded in 1148, and on the ornaments of one of the Gothic pillars, in the same style on those throughout the whole building, is the following device, not tamely represented—a shepherd sleeps, the ram playing on the violin with a remarkable long bow, and the wolf eating the sheep. There is a tradition that the use of the bow in the violin was introduced into England by the attendants of the Pope's nuncios, when they came here to receive Peter-pence, it being customary for foreigners to take many musicians in their trains.

MUSIC IN WALES.—A magnificent Eisteddfod is to be held at Denbigh in the autumn of 1852. Prince Albert and the Princess of Wales have been invited to attend.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER left London a few days since for Paris, where he intends to pass the winter.

FORMES, the German basso, started on Wednesday for St. Petersburg.

MARIO AND GRISI are more than half way by this time on their route to St. Petersburg.

MADAME BARBIERI NINI has left for Paris. It is expected she will open the campaign there in *Lucrezia Borgia*, on the 14th.

MR. LUMLEY.—The celebrated *impresario* of Her Majesty's Theatre and the *Theatre Italien*, has gone to Paris for a few days.

FENNIMORE COOPER, the celebrated American novelist, died at his residence, Cooper's Town, in the middle of last month, at the age of 62.

THE LATE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT WORCESTER.—A meeting of the stewards and committee took place on Monday last, the Lord Bishop of the diocese (president of the festival) in the chair. The statement of accounts submitted by the hon. secretary, the Rev. R. Sarjeant, gave the greatest satisfaction to every person present. The pecuniary result of the festival exceeds expectation, considering the adverse circumstances of the year; the call upon the subscribers to the guarantee fund amounts to no more than 6s. 3d. in the pound. The total receipts for the charity now reach 1,008*l*.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL OF BRADFORD.—The town of Bradford, Yorkshire, was the scene of great festivity on Monday last, consequent on the laying of the foundation stone of a New Music Hall, which ceremony was performed by the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, the grand master of the craft, attended by the brethren of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire, and most of the district lodges. The day was observed as a general holiday, and was observed with great rejoicing. The building, which is to be named St. George's Hall, will, when finished, bear comparison with the best structures of the sort in the kingdom.

JULIUS JANIN'S Letters on the Great Exhibition, reprinted in a neat volume at Paris as well as at London, have procured him the honour of a very complimentary autograph letter from Prince Albert.

EDOUARD WOLF.—This celebrated pianist and composer for the piano, at present in Paris, where he holds an eminent rank among resident musicians, will pass next season in London, when he will doubtless figure as one of the most brilliant *étoiles*.

THAT clever actress, Mrs. Sterling, is no longer a member of the Olympic Theatre; she has been engaged by Mr. Webster for the Haymarket. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Webster on his acquisition.

ROBERT B. BROUGH, Esq., the well-known dramatic author, has been married to Miss B. Romer.

GOOD TUNES.—It is, I think, by singing, as it by preaching; a fine judge of composition will admire a sermon which yet makes no manner of impression upon the public mind, and therefore cannot be a good one. That is the best sermon which is best adapted to produce the best effects; and the same may be said of a tune. If it correspond with the feelings of a pious heart and aid him in realizing the sentiments, it will quickly be learnt, and sung with avidity. Where this effect is not produced, were I a composer, I would throw aside my performance and try again.

THE RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—There are about nine tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 14,383; 80 direct muscles, do, 173,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity.

SUMMER "WARBLERS," AND THEIR RIVALRY.—It is perhaps, not so well known as it ought to be, though I have already hinted at it, that the nightingale, when in confinement, is a most cruelly jealous bird—jealous not only of his master or mistress noticing any other bird than himself—but jealous of his own tribe! His motto is—*Ad Caesar, aut nullus*. He will admit no rival near the throne. Hence, to keep two of these birds in one room would be ridiculous. The same extraordinary failing prevails in most of our "warblers." If outdone in song they frequently fall "dead" from off their perches. Some of these rival musicians, be it known, do not weigh a quarter of an ounce! When, therefore, it is considered desirable to keep several nightingales, let each occupy a separate apartment. By this precaution, not any one of the birds will be put down or silenced, and each will sing without having his temper ruffled.

THE OPERA AT CUBA.—I was told that, owing to the prevalence of fasting during Lent, I should not see the opera, but this happily proved untrue. It seems that Lent does generally bring with it a cessation from these sort of amusements, but the manager having got Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* rehearsed and ready, thought it an excellent time to show conjointly his love of music, religion, and full houses, and accordingly applied to the Captain-General or Governor, who is the great potentate of the island, and much more absolute in his authority than even Queen Isabella, to grant him the licence requisite for its performance. This gentleman's jurisdiction embraces every person, from the police-force to the opera corps. In opera affairs he is really of the greatest service to the

public. If, for instance, a sullen *basso*, a capitious tenor, or a spoilt *prima donna*, gets up an indisposition, a sore throat, &c., at five minutes' notice, to suit some particular whim, or under the influence of the same feelings sings out of tune, though he or she be backed by the certificates of all the Brodies or Lococks of Cuba, nothing can prevent this prompt benefactor from arresting the offender, and signing an order for a week's meditation in jail. However, though he be the ruling man in the place, he is by no means the ruling power, as report will have it that he is quite subject to his wife, who is a very serious woman, and a close observer of the most minute requirements of her creed. As a matter of course she sets her face against the opera, and, of course, so did her lord. "But suppose," urged the persevering manager, "that we call it *El triumpho del fe*" (the triumph of faith)! "Ah! that's a good idea," said the lady; ditto said her husband. This idea seemed to have a happy combination of amusement and religion. "But," urged the lady, "the leading singer has to sing *Mortal a Papa* (death to the Pope); that will never do!" "But we can alter that," said the manager, and he shall sing *Viva a Papa* (long live the Pope)! This alteration made no matter, it did not interfere with the score, and the opera, with numerous excisions, was duly performed, to the intense delight of both audience and manager. People went to see it last Sunday after they had spent the morning at mass, the afternoon at a bull fight, and when they were looking forward to a masked ball as a grand *finale* to their Sabbath revelry.—*Transatlantic Rambles*.

MUSIC AT LIVERPOOL.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Herr Formes sang at the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place on Tuesday, and Mr. Chisholm performed a solo on the bassoon. The engagements for the ensuing winter are likely to prove exceedingly attractive. An extra choral concert is to be given on the 14th October, when selections from the hitherto unknown vocal works of J. S. Bach are to be produced, while, on the 22nd and 24th of October, we are to have a great treat by the exertions of the glee and madrigal party, who have, under the patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert, gained great popularity in London, during the past season. There is also a talk of Mr. Sims Reeves appearing in the oratorio of *St. Paul*, while all lovers of amusement will rejoice to hear that Mr. Albert Smith appears on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November, when he will give his entertainment entitled the "Overland Mail," in which he will introduce a description of his recent ascent of Mont Blanc.

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The success of this society during the week at Brighton and Hastings, under the direction of Mr. Land, has been completed. Next week we hear their campaign will begin in the Midland Counties, commencing on Monday, at Northampton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT has called our attention to the fact of our having omitted to notice the very clever performance of Signor Faltoni's Figaro in the *Barbieri* at Her Majesty's Theatre, undertaken at a very short notice.

W. S.—We regret we are unable to supply our correspondent with the information he desires.

A REGULAR SUB.—For Counterpoint, Cherubi's Treatise, Cocks & Co.—For Harmony, Dr. Alfred Day's Treatise, Cramer and Beale. For Composition, Godfried Weber's Theory, Cocks and Co. We are unable to state the publishing prices. To our Correspondent's second question, it is not in our province to reply. He had better apply to one of the great publishing houses.

Advertisements.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION,

(UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY),
CONSISTING OF Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Locke, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. H. Phillips, will sing at NORTHAMPTON, October 6th (Morning and Evening); Leicester, 7th; Nottingham, 8th; Birmingham, 9th; Cheltenham, Friday Evening 10th, and Saturday Morning 11th. E. Land, Hon. Sec., 5, Foley Place, London.

